

EL PASO HERALD

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No. 97

HERALD TRAVELING AGENTS.

Persons solicited to subscribe for The Herald should beware of impostors and should not pay money to anyone unless he can show that he is legally authorized by the El Paso Herald.

Mexico's Sanitary Progress

MEXICO recently had a remarkable exposition of hygiene and sanitation illustrating the progress of Mexico during 100 years and especially during the last quarter century in respect to promoting the public health and conditions of living. A section of the exposition showed the progress made in supplying potable water to cities, and in draining large centers of population; charts, models, and photos of the larger cities fully illustrated this phase of the subject.

A complete electric light plant from an interior town was shown to mark the progress made in this respect. The walls of the building were covered with charts illustrating the progress made by Mexico in the last 25 years in fighting infectious diseases, such as typhus, scarlet, and yellow fever, smallpox and consumption.

Sanitary plumbing, electric pumps, drainage of cities, sanitary stables and hacienda buildings, and homes for the laborers and the middle class, secured full attention. Another section showed models of rural hospitals in Mexico for the use of consumptive patients. Models of the general hospital in Mexico City were especially interesting.

A section of the exhibition showed the precautions taken against the introduction of foreign diseases and unhealthy immigrants, models of sanitary stations, the lodging houses for immigrants, etc. A chemical laboratory and the various instruments used in modern sanitary work occupied the greater part of an exposition room. The evolution of baths, laundries, and dwelling houses from the most rudimentary conditions was skillfully shown by models. A modern hygienic hacienda building, with funeral monuments, burial plans, and the progress in vault building up to the modern cemented vault, with perfect sanitary qualities, were shown.

Two large rooms were devoted to showing the great progress which has been made in Mexico in public schools, by photographs of the schools in the capital and in the cities and towns throughout the republic. Other pictures showed the changes which have taken place in school furniture, as well as in the actual construction of the schools. In connection with the exposition a series of lectures was delivered on hygienic subjects.

Mexico is taking a leading place in the world as a consistent promoter of sanitary progress. In fighting the more virulent infectious diseases Mexico has set a pace that many countries much older and in most ways more thoroughly developed will have difficulty in keeping up with. The degree of progress in any country or community is indicated by the difference between present and former conditions, and there is probably no other country in the world where sanitary improvement has been so marked during the last quarter century as it has been in Mexico.

Some valley farmers denounce local merchants for not favoring their products and in the same mail those innocent farmers are ordering goods from the mail order houses in Chicago and Kansas City.

Business of the National railways of Mexico for the first week in October shows an increase of 13 percent over the corresponding week of last year—a fine indication of improving general business.

Young mules bring around \$100 per head in west Texas any time. There is no reason why mule raising should not be carried on extensively in this valley and adjacent regions, yet we are importing the animals all the time for our own use and that of our southwestern customers. We are not beginning to develop the industrial prospects that lie ready to hand.

"No Politics In It"

IT IS amusing to read the official calls for the various Texas commercial congresses, industrial congresses, development congresses, and this, that, and the other commendable aggregation of restless and progressive spirits, for the official calls almost invariably declare with emphasis that "nothing of a political nature will be permitted to intrude."

The basis of all Texas's industrial and commercial and developmental problems is political, and until there is a political revolution in this state—and not to be misunderstood we will say, within the Democratic party—there will not be much hope of establishing a governmental policy favorable to the investment of capital and the development of the state's resources.

Del Rio, Tex., has a live newspaper, the Herald, and that is the most important thing after all in building a city.

Texas will market about \$300,000,000 worth of cotton this year, and practically every bale of it will be sent to England and to New England to be manufactured into goods, a large part of which we shall eventually buy back—and we pay the freight both ways.

The Free Choice Of Voters

GOOD citizenship requires that each voter vote for the man he believes best fitted for each office no matter what party name appears above the ticket. Those who voted in primaries and took the pledge will comply with every honorable requirement of their pledge if they vote for the majority of their party ticket.

No decent party organization would ever require its adherents to stifle their consciences and vote for unsuitable men merely because they participated in the primaries.

If such a rule were sought to be enforced, honorable men and respectable citizens would stay out of the primaries rather than seek to bind themselves to vote for unfit men for office.

General Weyler, late of Cuba, stands almost alone between Spain and revolution. In Portugal the army went with the republic, in Spain the prime minister admits that "the success of a revolution would depend upon the attitude of the army." He declares, however, "The Spanish army is loyal to the king and the monarchy."

Col. Roosevelt in plain language has declared war on "Wall street" as the ally of Tammany hall, forming "the most corrupt alliance of corrupt business with corrupt political bosses that New York state has seen since the days of Tweed." The colonel in his speeches is making the same mistake that he condemns in others by attempting to ascribe between good and evil among the great financial and industrial interests. Stimson is a very strong man and would make an ideal governor; it is to be hoped that the colonel's campaigning will not defeat him.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I LIKED to watch the good old clock that hung upon the wall; I really think a man might walk from Cleveland to St. Paul, and not behold a smoother piece of skillful craftsmanship; the wheels went round as slick as grease, and never made a slip. I dearly loved for hours to stand and watch the pendulum; and note the active minute hand, and hear the fly wheel hum. I liked to hear the blamed thing strike—but on one fateful day, the boss remarked: "You'd better hike—you are not worth your pay. You're paid to help to sell my stock, and do some other chores, but all the day you watch the clock, so chase yourself out doors." And then he pushed me with his feet, and fanned me with a chair, and when I landed in the street my shoes were in the air. O, clocks are fascinating things, and have lovely works, and pendulums and hands and springs, but are bad for clerks, who yield to their seductive charm, and watch the hands go round, and listen to the loud alarm, and hear the striker pound.

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THERESA.

By Kurt Martens.

In memory of the 50th anniversary of the death of Arthur Schopenhauer.

A graceful gondola emerged from the Grand Canal, passed San Giorgio Maggiore and made for the Lido. From everywhere came the melodious sound of the romantic love songs of the gondoliers and the two handsome youths who steered this gondola joined their voices in a duet.

Hidden from view under the black and golden velvet roof of the gondola lay the most beautiful of the patrician women of Venice, the sinfully charming, the divine Theresa. At the sight of Theresa's companion the two gondoliers had looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders, and just so, for in no wise seemed he worthy of the great lady. Like a genuine barbarian, broad shouldered, heavy and awkward he sat at her side, speaking only now and then, but often looking at her with his steely gray eyes under the powerful forehead and its mane of yellow hair. But Theresa seemed the more eager to win his favor with her caresses and tender glances. Like a kitten she played with his fair locks and her slender fingers held his hand in a grip of love. For a while he sat passive and let her do as she pleased. Then suddenly he caught her in his arms and almost crushed her against his bare bosom.

"You bear! You monster! Do you want to kill me with your paw?" And in a whisper she added: "Tonight! Will you come tonight?"

He loosened his hold.

"No, little Contessina, tonight I am engaged."

"Oh, how disgraceful! You are deceiving me."

"It is no lady," he said with a good-natured smile. "Higher up! A man, yes higher still, a genius."

"And you prefer his company to mine?"

At times, darling—if you will forgive me for saying so. From my youth I have a tender spot in my heart for genius."

"Why, what do you want from him?"

"Many things! I want to see him, to ask him questions, to listen to him, and first of all, to breathe the fresh pure air."

Theresa was displeased.

"Kiss me," she begged, and she obeyed with evident pleasure, but she pleaded: "And tonight you will come to see me, isn't that true?"

Arthur Schopenhauer shook his lion head and said, moving away from her: "For two weeks I have spent every night with you. I met you by accident on St. Mark's place, but I came all the way from Germany to meet that man. It is time I remember who and what he is. Let us talk no more about him, please. I will come to see you tomorrow."

The beautiful Theresa lost her courage. She was thinking of what kind of a mysterious being a genius must be. Though still very young, she had captured many men, but as yet no genius. Surely it would be worth her while to love a genius.

Of strength and power? If Sir Arthur, her present Cicisbeo, were not such a bear and barbarian, one might almost believe he belonged to this caste. But a genius must be handsome and noble, and, first of all, a man. Yet it would be worth while to get hold of one, when even Sir Arthur thought so highly of them.

At the Lido the unevenly matched couple left the gondola and went for a walk along the beach. Every sign of the bathing life of summer had disappeared now in November and the promenade was almost deserted.

"Look, Theresa," said her companion, "how delightful the Lido has changed, since people have left it. Is it not beautiful here now?"

She did not understand him and barely listened. Her whole interest was taken up by a man on horseback who mastered the beach. Strong and elegant he sat in the saddle, handsome, clearly cut and noble with his profile, curly was his dark hair, and a silken kerchief with flowing ends was tied loosely around his neck.

The beautiful Theresa was all eyes. Never had a man seemed so chivalrous and noble to her. Her own aristocratic countrymen were blasé and feminine compared to this man. Evidently he was from Germany, and she knew it.

Like her beloved Sir Arthur, who was he? Where had she seen him before? Oh, yes, she knew now. At the great girolonda among his English friends. It was he, the handsome, the rich and famous.

"Il poeta inglese," she cried, and clapped her hands with delight.

"Who do you say? Who," asked Arthur Schopenhauer.

"The English poet," she repeated, lowering her voice in respect of the man, "Lord George Gordon Byron, the honored guest of our city."

At this moment the man passed close by them on his foaming horse, his head proudly thrown back, and his noble profile illuminated by the setting sun.

The two turned around and looked after him, Arthur Schopenhauer with the air of an inquisitor, which, however, almost immediately gave way to his most mocking smile. Theresa wholly bewildered as if the sun had passed himself had passed by.

Slowly, Arthur Schopenhauer put on his pince-nez and examined Theresa's expression sardonically. She did not notice it until he laid his hand on her arm.

"So you know Lord Byron, dear?"

"Until now only by his looks."

"Until now! So much the worse. You seem to think him very handsome and interesting?"

"Why, Arthur, would not anyone think so?"

"Yes, indeed, dear. Undoubtedly he is."

"He is said to be very rich too."

The philosopher dug both hands into his trousers pockets and laughed aloud.

"But also famous," Theresa added.

Schopenhauer ceased laughing and his brow clouded.

"Oh, you are already comparing him and me. You speak to me about fame, to me, Arthur Schopenhauer, whom you do not know. Fame came to this young poet early, too early to be lasting. Nevertheless he deserved it for several of the works he has written. But I, I am a creator, just as he is, creator surely of but one work, but my work takes in the whole world."

Wondering and terrified, Theresa looked at this strange, morose, and almost thought he had gone crazy. But he calmed down and went on:

"But what am I talking about and to whom? Forgive me. I only wanted to tell you that I have a little for such fame which is like a passing cloud, and I know that Lord Byron shall have been forgotten long ago, then first will my fame reach its zenith."

Had he said too much already? Alas, Theresa was not listening to him. His power over her was gone. He decided to put her to a decisive test.

"Do you know, dear," he said, "that it was to meet this genius I sacrificed the pleasure of your company tonight?"

"Oh, it was! Why, of course you must meet him."

"Yes, and next time we meet," he said with a knowing smile, "we might all three take a walk along the Lido together."

Then she suddenly grew tender again from gratitude. She threw her arms around his neck.

"But no," he said, "I have changed my mind. I prefer my Theresa's company to that of any genius in the world."

An expression of disappointment came into her face.

"But I do not want to be the one who persuades you."

"Well, go," Schopenhauer roared, "the poet go to the devil, though I think as highly of him as you do. Do you see this letter? A man named Goethe, whom you probably never heard of, gave me this letter in Germany. I should be glad to hear," he wrote, "that Lord Byron, the poet, and Arthur Schopenhauer, the philosopher, had learned to like and perhaps even love each other as friends. What do I care for this letter now? It is good only to be thrown to the stupid fishes."

Furious, he tore the letter and threw the pieces into the sea.

"Tonight, Theresa, I come to you for the last time. Tomorrow I go away from here."

In the evening Schopenhauer came to Theresa, who received him with her usual tenderness, and when at midnight he said goodbye to her forever, she shed sincere tears and begged him not to go.

"No, my dear Contessina, I do not want to be in your way. The time of the rough German barbarian is up at last, the handsome English poet is coming. Of my own free will I give you up, before I am robbed of you. Hurry to Piazza di San Marco, Theresa! Do not waste any time."

"You insult me, Arthur. Is then the honor of a woman not sacred to you?"

"My sacred duty," he earnestly declared, "philosophy which forbids me to run after stupid and painful excitement, when it is far easier to get out of the way."

When Schopenhauer, next year, returning from Rome, stopped at Venice, a gondolier showed him the wonderful Villa Mira, "the property of the famous English poet."

Then Lord Byron no longer lives at Palazzo Mocenigo.

"Oh, yes, excellently, but he has turned Villa Mira over to the beautiful countess Theresa Puccelli."

The philosopher smiled, pleased at the thought that the poet had made good use of his gift.

NO GOLD FEET IN COUNCIL CHAMBER

But Courthouse Employees Suffer From Lack of Heat; The Porch Sleepers Cold.

The heating system in the city hall began operations Thursday morning, and the place was one of the few really comfortable in El Paso. The sudden advent of cold weather round many of the business establishments without plans for the winter. This is true at the courthouse, where the attendants went around wrapped in overcoats and cloaks.

A number of porch-sleepers have surrendered to the cold weather and slept indoors Wednesday night for the first time since early last spring. A few, however, added extra cover to their beds and coats, pulled an old cap over their heads and retired to get the weather on the weather, or rather, to get the wind, moderated somewhat before Thursday morning, and out of door sleepers found the change a decided improvement.

LE BLANC LANDS IN FOREST, HAMBURG DROPS 18,000 FEET

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 20.—Alfred Le Blanc, pilot of the Isle de France in the event of coal steamer round many of the business establishments without plans for the winter. This is true at the courthouse, where the attendants went around wrapped in overcoats and cloaks.

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Professional Baseball Owners, and Their Knowledge Of Game

WELL KNOWN MAGNATES

TALK of forming a new major league in opposition to the present National and American leagues has caused the fans to call to mind the earlier history and the peculiarities of some of the leading men now in the game. The projected new league is generally derided by the newspapers but others point out that the same fate met the American league when it was first agitated.

Professional baseball owners and managers come from all walks of life and hundreds of stories are told of their peculiarities. It is a recognized maxim that a successful baseball man must have more or less sporting instincts. For this reason the entrance of professional theatrical men into the organized sport is resisted vigorously. It is feared they might put the game on even more of a commercial basis than it is now.

The President's Brother.

The most prominent of the owners in the game is Charles F. Taft, brother of president Taft, multifarious in his interests. He is a Cincinnati newspaper owner. He got into baseball by buying the Chicago National league club on the advice of Charles W. Murphy, now president of the league, and said to be one of a majority of its stockholders.

Baseball runs in the Taft family, the president having been a good player at Yale and an attendant at major league games whenever he got a chance.

Garry Herrmann, chairman of the national commission, known as a baseball man because of the constant mention of his name in connection with the commission and his ownership of the Cincinnati National league club, but he is man of large affairs in other directions. As president of the American Bowling congress and grand exalted ruler of the Elks he has attained national prominence. In addition, Herrmann is a prominent figure in Cincinnati's commercial, financial and political life.

Comiskey Ideal Magnate.

Charles Comiskey, owner of the Chicago Americans, is the ideal baseball owner. He was one of the greatest strategists and players the game ever produced and was a wonder as a first baseman for the old St. Louis Browns.

He is said to have been one of the earliest to discover that first basemen could play away from the base as they invariably do now. Mr. Comiskey pays his players, and has a good team, whether at home or on the road. He is popular with his men, but any man playing for him would rather tackle a sawmill than be called into the office for a lecture by the manager. He does not swear at or upbraid offenders, but says things based on his perfect knowledge of the game and the men's weaknesses that are more effective than any torrent of abuse could possibly be.

Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, was a business man in bad health in Paducah and Louisville, Ky., before he took an active interest in baseball. He soon became an ardent enthusiast and there is no more rabid fan in the country today. He has a wonderfully retentive memory and it is said that he has the batting and fielding averages of every player of prominence in any league at his fingers' ends.

He keeps a large collection of such statistics around him. On the slightest provocation he refers to them, digging therefrom information about whether the player is right or left handed, fast or slow on his feet, or a quick or dull thinker.

Probably the greatest character in the game is Joe Cantillon, manager and, with his brother Mike, owner of the Minneapolis club which won the American Association championship this year. He was formerly a minor league player, then a major league umpire, and innumerable anecdotes are told of him. One that will never die is that which relates to his trading a ball player he did not want and did not like for a dog he earnestly desired.

Last spring he is said to have traded another player to Charley Carr, the Indianapolis manager, for a complete set of uniforms for the Minneapolis team—Carr being in the sporting goods business. Another famous one about Cantillon originated when he was managing the Washington league team. The umpire has given several decisions that vastly displeased the frascible Joe, and he turned to president Ban Johnson of the American league, who was in a box, and exclaimed: "Say, Mr. President, warm up another umpire."

Griffith of Cincinnati.

Clarke Griffith, now manager of the Cincinnati team and in his day one of the craftiest of pitchers, has spent much of his managerial life quarreling with umpires. Once when manager of the New York Americans he was taunting silk sloughing, the American league arbitrator, who was in the midst of a bad slump, while the New York team was going miserably in the pennant race. "I won't have to sit on this bench much longer and wait for a chance for you, as a corner in this league," exclaimed Griffith in an outburst of wrath. "You won't be on that bench much longer watching anybody if you don't get that team up nearer the top," retorted the umpire, and they were prophetic words, for Griffith resigned shortly after that.

Just as regularly as the leaves turn each fall, Jake Wells, president of the Virginia league, announces he is done with baseball. He is president of a long string of theaters in the south and feels he has all the business he can handle. Just as regularly as the robins nest again and the anti-Wellists have it all fixed up to claim a success for a successor, the anti-Jake gets the baseball fever, announces his candidacy, puts a hypnotic spell on the meeting which has been especially called to make his resignation stick, and becomes a member of the league again. He recently made his usual winter announcement, but his resignation stuck this time and his successor has been elected.

Scrishes in New England League.

Tim Murnane and Jake Morse, two Boston newspaper men are president and secretary respectively of the new league. Murnane is the father of the baseball writers and was formerly a star player. He has been president of the league for years and seems destined to hold the job as long as he lives. Joe Jackson, long president of the South Michigan league, is as adept as Jake Wells at hypnotizing hostile meetings of club owners, but has not had the retiring fever until this winter, when he stepped out and turned league over to the new president.

Connie Miller, former manager of the Meridian team in the Connecticut league, tells a story of the league's disreputable feature of a manager's or owner's duties—releasing men. He called a man into his office one day to tell him he could go. Miller did not know it, but the man had been in bad health, was playing baseball for the account, and had a wife and two children. When he was told that he was released he fainted dead away and fell over the side of the boat.

There was a rush of water from the mountains near Ft. Hancock yesterday which weakened the roadbed so that it had to be strengthened before trains could be run over it.

The third artillery passed through El Paso last night, having 260 men and officers in all. The Fort Bliss band serenaded the men at the depot.

Metals market—Silver, 44 3/8c; lead, 22 1/2c; copper, 10 1/2c. Mexican pesos, El Paso and Juarez, 50c.

The Mexican Central is 12 hours late today.

The choral union is proving a success and the membership is increasing each week.

Passenger conductor E. D. Clemons has quit the Mexican Central and will engage in business for himself.

The baseball season has ended and the team will disband in a few days.

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Victoria, a Canadian City With an English Accent and American Ideas

It Is a Fine Town and Would Be a Good Place For Several El Pasoans

(By G. A. Martin.)

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 20.—"Uncle Jimmie" Smith ought to be up here, as he could have a corner on the postage stamp market. The El Paso Herald's postal card man here to handle stamps and the postmaster gets to sell them all—or rather the young woman who works for the postmaster and the Dominion government.

It required a license to sell Canadian stamps and, as few dealers care to pay the license, few dealers sell stamps. The result is that after buying your souvenir postals, you have to go to the federal building and get the stamps all to send them away. But the cards come so much cheaper up here than they do at El Paso, that one can afford to walk to the postoffice to buy the stamps. Five postals sell for a nickel, and it is not necessary to go to the shopkeeper—every merchant is a "shopkeeper" here—to buy these picture cards. It is possible to buy them